Importing the surrender of those Lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of Law
To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the businesse is, we haue here writ
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbrasse*
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppresse
His further gate herein, in that the leuies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect, and we here dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King, more then the scope
Of these delated Articles allow:
Farewell, and let your haste commend your dutie.
Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we shew our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing, hartily farewell.
And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?
You told vs of some suite, what is't *Laertes*?
You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
And loose your voice; what would'st thou beg *Laertes*?
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,
The head is not more native to the heart
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of *Denmarke* to thy father,
What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?
Lar. My dread Lord.
Your leaue and fauour to returne to *France*,
From whence though willingly I came to *Denmarke*,
To shew my dutie in your Coronation;
Yet now I must confesse, that dutie done
My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward *France*,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.
King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius*?
Polo. He hath my Lord wrung from me my slow leaue
By labourSome petition, and at last
Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,

I

9 hartely farwell. 15 hart 20 Fraunce
Antepenult. Hath, my lord, wrung — 24)